

Porcelain

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Summary: *Akiko* On top of the Venus Lighthouse. Rated PG-13 for slash content, namely Felix/Alex. Don't like it? Don't read it.

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

Hi, y'all! This is my first REAL slash story, definitely the first one

I've posted. For those who don't know, slash is a relationship involving

two guys, also known as yaoi, but this is more of a shonnen ai(boy/boy

love) approach. If you have a problem with it, don't read the story.

Flaming me isn't going to do anything. I wrote this because of a

challenge. The challenger, Lucius, wanted me to post this on ff.net.

So, here we go. I know there isn't a lot of slash content on here, so

please, either keep an open mind or leave.

Porcelain

Chapter 1

I was safe, as long as I only admired at a distance.

Touching was out of the question, speaking was only when it was

necessary, but I had always been taught that I could admire something as

valuable and fragile as him at a distance.

Which I did, quite often. Alex was of the Mercury Clan, which was obvious from his long, blue hair that seemed to fall in exactly the

right way no matter the situation, and his deep blue eyes that seemed to

pierce my heart and peer into my very soul. Cold eyes,
which I wished
would look upon me warmly, just once.

Just once.

He wasn't fragile, not really, only his pale skin gave him the
appearance of something that could only be seen and not
touched. Like a
beautiful porcelain vase from Xian. Thin, tall, regal, and
always with a
complicated design.

I didn't understand him, I'm not sure if anyone did. I didn't
know why he was traveling with us, what his ties to Mia of
Imil were, or
even what he could really do.

All I knew was every time he looked my way something
inside of my
heart and my head exploded, and I wanted to scream, and
cry, and laugh
all at once. I knew it was wrong, to think of him as
something
beautiful, as something I wanted to have. My parents used
to punish me
when I said similar things about Isaac from Vale. But Isaac,
with his
skin blemished by the sun, his hair falling into a blonde
disarray, his
calloused hands, and his little lopsided smile could never
compare to
Alex's cold beauty. The only thing that held Isaac in esteem
was his
blue eyes, something deeper hiding beneath their calm,
unruffled

surfaces.

"Felix," he addressed me, and I shivered.

"What, Alex?" I loved the way his name felt when I said it.
Like
water on ice.

"Menardi wants us to scout ahead, c'mon," he gestured to the path
in front of us. It was nearly invisible, covered with a thick
blanket of
snow. the only reason we could tell that there WAS a path
was the pine
trees, their branches laden with whiteness, lined up on
either side. I
felt happy, excited, sad, and nervous all at once. I would get
to be
alone with Alex, alone with him and only him. How sad that
he didn't
know what it meant to me.

"Felix," Jenna said softly, tugging on my sleeve. "Don't leave
me here. It's cold, and I'm scared."

I looked into her big brown eyes, and sighed. "Jenna, here-"

I pulled off my leather gloves. They would be too big for her,
but they would keep her hands warm. "Think of it as my
promise to come
back."

"But Felix, what about-"

"Don't worry about me," I smiled at her, then nodded at
Alex, who

was standing knee deep in the snow, his cloak and hair billowing in the icy wind. How picturesque. He returned the gesture, and began trudging through the snow. I followed him, wrapping my arms tightly around myself, trying to only step in the footprints he left behind. I didn't want to slow him down, I didn't want to be a bother, not to HIM.

"And hurry back," Menardi told us. "I'm cold."

"You're always cold," Saturos said, exasperatedly. This started a heated argument, how typical of the Mars Adepts.

We rounded a corner, and the sounds of the argument quickly faded into silence.

For a long time it seemed like the entire world was that snowy path and the trees on either side, and our footsteps were the only sound in that world. It might have been hours, it might have been only a few minutes, but eternity could have passed me by without me regretting an instant. I was with Alex, and nothing else mattered.

"Let's take a rest," Alex broke my sense of timelessness. I looked up at him, slightly dazed for a moment. He turned to look at me, then motioned to the side of the path. "There are some rocks, we should

sit down."

I nodded numbly in agreement, suddenly realizing just how tired I was becoming. And I was only walking in the depressions that Alex had already made. We moved towards the rocks, and sat down. We sat there, not saying anything for a while, Alex surveying the landscape, me looking the other way, catching glimpses of him from the corner of my eye.

"God, Felix," Alex suddenly said.

I followed his gaze, to my hands. The only reason my hands didn't feel cold was because they had gone numb long ago, after being so cold that they hurt. The skin was a dark shade of red, blotched by purple. I tried uselessly to rub at them, before Alex slipped off his gloves and took my hands in his.

"Here, this will work better," he said simply. Heat rose to my face, which had probably reached the same shade as my hands. I quickly looked down to hide it, trying to say a word of gratitude through my lips, which weren't trembling entirely from the cold.

His hands were warm, the skin of his palms and fingers soft and smooth. I almost felt like crying, my hands were so rough and imperfect

compared to his, that he would stoop down to even TOUCH me...

"Is something wrong?" he asked, his voice very soft, and almost gentle.

"I'm fine," I muttered. "Just cold."

The feeling was slowly returning to my hands. My bones ached, and my skin burned. I almost asked Alex to stop holding them, until he started rubbing them. It sent shivers through my entire body, and I wanted to lean forward...

I brushed that thought aside, as quickly as I could.

"Does that feel better?" he asked me.

"Aren't your hands cold?" I asked.

He laughed, such a nice sound. "No, I'm used to colder weather. Ply."

The word was whispered, and from that single word came a soft blue light, that stopped the pain in my hands and returned the skin to its normal color. I looked up to say thank you, but stopped.

Alex continued to hold both of my hands in his own, looking into my eyes with his own.

"Felix..." he whispered. A whisper that held desire, longing, regret, and pain all at once. He stood, pulling me with him. We stood like that for a while, looking into each other's eyes, holding hands. It would have been romantic...it could have been...if only...

He leaned in very close, his warm breath brushing against my cheek, a few loose strands of hair resting against my skin. I held his hands tighter, still looking into his deep blue eyes.

"You're only a child," he whispered.

"I'm seventeen," I retorted, my voice just as quiet.

"Which makes you only a child," his eyes lost their cold, hard quality, the ice melting into warm glowing pools, into a look that I somehow knew was only for me. "A child that has quite a mess for a life."

His right hand released mine. He brought it up and brushed it through my brown hair. He was standing so close now, I could feel his body heat through the small gap that separated us.

"I would have gone insane if it wasn't for you," I said, so quietly I could hardly hear myself.

"I would have shared the same fate if it wasn't for you," he moved, resting his chin on my shoulder, his cheek pressed into mine.

"But you still might drive me over that edge, Felix."

I stiffened slightly, then relaxed. I don't think I had been this close for this long with ANYONE before, except for maybe Isaac, in the sweet summer days that we spent together.

But Alex...was much different than Isaac...

"I don't think I ever could," I replied simply. His fingers continued to play with my hair, finally coming to rest on the back of my neck. It felt so strange, so wonderful, I felt like crying again.

After eternity had passed us again, he stepped back, releasing my hand as he did. The one on my neck remained.

"Only a child," he said, almost inaudible.

"Even children know what they want," and I, marveling at my coldness, took the small step that still separated us, pulled my arms tightly around his neck and pressed my lips against his.

He responded almost immediately, using the hand that wasn't against my neck to press into the small of my back.

We only ended that sweet, pure kiss to breathe.

"Felix..." he began. I rested my chin on his shoulder this time, and he pulled me close, holding me tight. "Felix...I...are you sure?"

"More than I ever have been in my entire life," I leaned back to look into his eyes, his arms still encircling me.

"Alright then," he said, leaned forward, and this time, he kissed me.

See? That wasn't so bad! It's even written in first person so you people who thought slash was squicky but read the story anyway could pretend Felix was a girl. Not that it's hard, Felix has that long hair going and everything. ^_^ Next chapter coming soon, even if you do flame me, so don't bother! Creative criticism is appreciated, and if you have a GOOD reason that I should not post a second chapter, and you can dictate me in a calm, level headed fashion without the use of profanity, I would like to see it. All flames will be put out by Alex and returned with worse flames from Gareth.
Garet: ::cracks his knuckles:: Pyroclasm prepared and ready to fire!
Thanks, Gareth! Alright, review if you have something to say, if not, then I don't care!

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2**

Wow. I'm amazed at the positive response I got from everyone that reviewed! Thanks to all! It's a little more yaoi(more serious than shonnen ai) in this chapter, but nothing serious. Well, here we go!

Chapter 2

I sighed and leaned back against the wall of the Venus Lighthouse. The smooth white stone was still warm from the sun's dying rays, and I drank in from that warmth. Gondowan was a country made up primarily of desert, and the nights quickly became cold.

Standing watch on such nights was no walk in the park.

Not that I could have slept anyway. We were SO close...the Lighthouse that loomed behind me was a symbol of so many hopes, so many dreams that had been shattered by a storm...

I shook my head to clear it. Tomorrow we would light the Lighthouse...well...after I got Saturos and Menardi in, THEY would light the Lighthouse. I would be left behind in Idejima with Kraden, Jenna, and Alex.

Not that being left ANYWHERE with Alex was a BAD thing...

"Felix?" a tentative voice called from the shadows.

"Sheba?" I sat up straighter. "Is that you?"

"Felix..." the blonde girl came out of the shadows, her hair shining in the moonlight. "I'm scared...I want to go home..."

"I know," I patted the ground next to me. "We all do. But we have to light this Beacon first."

"And then I can go home?" she looked up at me, her tears shining.

Sheba was a recent addition to our group. She was a young Jupiter Adept with blonde hair and green eyes, she had quite the striking

resemblance to the boy traveling in Isaac's company...his name escapes me

at the moment. Sheba was the adopted daughter of Faran, the Mayor of

Lavilero. Babi had taken her hostage for Colosso, and we had..."taken

her under our wing" while she was traveling back to her home town. I

wasn't quite sure why she was still with us. Her presence had allowed us

practically safe passage from Laveliro. I reasoned that Saturos and

Menardi simply wanted her along until the Beacon was lit.

"Yeah, then you can go home," I reached over and brushed her

tears away. "Don't worry, I'll keep you safe."

"Thank you," she wiped the rest of her tears away. Even though I

treated her like a second little sister, I suspected she had developed

somewhat of a crush for me.

Poor girl.

"You'd better get to bed," I stood and helped her up. "It's late, and if Saturos doesn't sleep in, he'll be wanting an early start."

"Alright," she smiled, somewhat shyly, and disappeared among the shadows that the moon threw upon the ground.

I watched her go, then I left as well, but in a different direction. I headed towards the forest, sitting next to a fallen branch I had picked out earlier and waited.

I didn't have to wait long. A flash of blue and white light announced his presence, before he had truly appeared.

"Hello, Felix," Alex said, his smile just barely visible in the fading light of his Psynergy.

"Alex," I smiled in return, even though he probably couldn't see it, and took the step that separated us. He pulled me close, holding me there.

We stood like that for a long time, then he pulled back. "You know, we really have to stop meeting like this."

"Oh, really," I grinned. "Who will tell Saturos and Menardi, you, or I?"

"Never mind, then," he kissed me on the forehead. "We'll just

have to meet like this until our little 'mission' is over."

"'Little'?" I looked up at him. "This is 'little'?"

He considered this for a moment. "Well, considering my next goal is total and complete world peace, I guess this is little."

"You could just do that with Alchemy," I snuggled close to him.

He rested his chin on my head, stroking my hair.

"Or I could go door to door handing out pamphlets," he murdered.

"Alchemy shouldn't be used to make people in what you want them to be, Felix."

I couldn't think of anything to say to this, so I simply buried my face into his tunic.

We spent most of our nights like this, just being with Alex alone was usually enough for me.

If I could always just BE with him, that would make me happy.

"Felix," Alex whispered, pulling me away and kissing me. I kissed him back, and he began undoing the knot on my scarf.

Just being with him is grand, but I quite like our other late night activities, too.

"Felix, open the door," Saturos growled at me. He wasn't very happy, he had woken up when I was supposed to be on watch, and when I wasn't there...

Well, let's just say that there's a REASON why Mars Adepts are renown for their horrible tempers.

I pressed my hand to the wall, and the doors slid open with a heavy grating sound. Saturos seemed satisfied, and pushed me out of the way on his way in.

"Get going," he growled. "Alex, Felix, you take Jenna and Kraden to the ship at Idejima."

"What about Sheba?" I asked.

"She's coming with us," Menardi answered, taking the Jupiter Adept by the arm and dragging her along.

"Felix!" Sheba shrieked. She struggled to reach me, but Menardi pulled her through the opening, and the doors slammed shut.

"Oh well," I sighed, turning back to our much smaller group. "Let's go-"

"Felix," Jenna growled. "Go after them. You have to save Sheba, got it?"

"Jenna..." I protested. "Let's just go to the ship..."

"I think it's a good idea," Alex stretched, and grinned at me. "Don't worry, I'll protect your baby sister."

"I hate you," I growled, stalking up to the doors and opening them. I knew Jenna wondered why I normally did what Alex said. Of course, my hot headed little sister had never been in LOVE...and she didn't know that I was IN love...maybe I should tell her about that...

"Alex, if I don't come back..." I turned towards them when I reached the door.

"I know," he nodded.

"And tell Jenna about...you know..."

He smiled, that warm gentle smile reserved for me and me alone.

"I will. Be careful."

Jenna was looking more confused by the minute. Kraden had a small smile on his face. Despite his apparent absent mindedness, the old scholar had seen what my little sister hadn't.

"I will be," I whispered. I wanted to add "I love you", but I didn't.

I'd see him soon. And I'd tell him then.

Once again, flames will be returned by worse flames from
Garet, and
reviews are greatly appreciated. And Ivan, yes, they both
have long hair
and they both could be girls, but doesn't that defeat the
entire purpose?

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3**

I realize this is a short chapter. Much apologies. But I like how it is, and how it ends. Even if there isn't much Alex/Felix. Enjoy.

Porcelain

Chapter 3

"We had every advantage...and we still lost..."

I didn't know what emotion to feel when Saturos and Menardi fell into the beacon pit. Anger, at Isaac and his companions for taking my revenge away from me? Relief that the pain at the Mars Adept's hands was over?

I didn't have to make that decision. The Lighthouse began to shake. I fell to one knee, trying to keep myself steady. A roar filled my ears, it took me a minute to realize that the oceans had risen up to the base of the lighthouse. The earth groaned at the pressure, I could feel the power of Venus in my very bones. A power the lighthouse was trying to contain.

A crack split the air, and I was thrown up against the wall I was standing next to. After a moment I managed to look up.

The lighthouse was coming apart. The thin strand of gold light that had been rising from the beacon pit had disappeared. The worst of the quakes seemed to be over, the white stone beneath me was merely trembling.

"FELIX!"

I whipped around. Sheba, poor, innocent, defenseless Sheba, had been thrown off of the lighthouse. She was hanging onto the parapet with one hand. "FELIX!!!!"

"Hang on, Sheba!" I took a step forward just as a particularly violent shake tripped me up. I fell against the parapet, hitting my temple. I saw stars, and I could feel blood sliding down the side of my face, staining the snow colored stone beneath me crimson. I struggled to my hands and knees, crawling to the edge. "Sheba! Take my hand!"

I stretched as far as I could, but I was still falling miserably short of the Jupiter Adept. She looked up at me, the sun making the tears on her cheeks shine. "I...I can't! Felix...I'm scared!"

"You can do it, Sheba!" I encouraged her. "We'll make it through this, we will!"

But even as I reassured her, even as the words left my lips I knew we wouldn't. The way down from the lighthouse...the only way out...

It was too far away to jump, and the stone was crumbling more by the minute. A violent wave on the side of the lighthouse below, sending sparkling droplets in the air. We wouldn't make it out alive, we were going to die here.

Alex...Jenna...I'm so sorry...

"We'll make it..." I said, more to convince myself than the terrified girl holding onto a bit of stone. "We're going to make it..."

"Thank you for everything, Felix," Sheba said softly. "Thank you..."

"Don't talk like that, we're going to make it!" I yelled back at her, reaching even farther than I thought possible...

I almost had caught her wrist when the piece of stone she was holding onto broke away, and she tumbled out into space.

"SHEBA!" I wasn't sure if it was me screaming, or the people behind me.

"NO! SHEBA!"

I had let her down...I had let everyone down...

For a moment I just stood there, looking around. Everything seemed to hold a clarity that it never had before. The sun on the stone, the sky sharp against the parapet, the clouds etched in blue, a bird flying by...

I took a step forward, my footing uneasy on the shaking airie, and spread my arms as if to embrace the world.

When I jumped, it almost seemed like I could fly, looking down on the blue of the water and the white of the foam.

White like porcelain.

Then the waves rushed up to meet me, as someone behind me screamed my name.

See? Short and sweet, right? Anyways, sorry for the delay, but I updated! I hope you liked it! ^_^